



Opera Up Close and Personal: Sopranos and Shots

"Chacun le sait" from *La Fille du Régiment*

Everyone knows it, everyone says it,
The regiment above all
The only one to which everyone gives credit to
In all the taverns of France...
The regiment, in all countries,
The terror of lovers of husbands...
But definitely superior to those of beauty!
It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
It is there, it is there, it is there,
The handsome Twenty-first!

Gaetano Donizetti

It has won so many battles,
That our emperor, one thinks,
Will make every one of our soldiers,
Marshall of France in peace-time!
For, it's known the regiment,
The most victorious, the most charming,
Is feared by one sex and loved by the other.
It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
It is there, it is there, it is there,
The handsome Twenty-first!

"Chi il bel sogno di Doretta" from *La Rondine*

Who could bring to light
Doretta's glorious dream?
Why has its secret
been disclosed?
Alas! One day a student
kissed her mouth
and that kiss
was a revelation:

Giacomo Puccini

It was passion!
Insane love!
Sensual orgy!
The soft caress
of a kiss so ardent,
who will ever be able to express that?

"Da Tempeste" from *Giulio Cesare*

A storm-battered vessel
if it at least arrives safely in port,
has nothing left to desire.

George Friedrich Handel

So my heart, through suffering and weeping,
now that it has found comfort,
returns to make my soul happy at last.

“Glück das mir verblieb” from *Die tote Stad*

Bliss, that has remained with me,
move closer to me, my true love.
In the grove evening is waning,
yet you are my light and day.
Heart beats anxiously on heart,
while hope is soaring heavenward.

How true, a mournful song.
The song of the true love,
that has to die.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold

I know this song.
I often heard it sung
in happier days of yore.
There is yet another stanza -
have I still got it in mind?

Though dismal sorrow is drawing nigh,
move closer to me, my true love.
Bend your pale face to me
death will not part us.
When the hour of death comes one day,
believe, that you will rise again.

“O luce di quest’anima” from *Linda di Chamounix*

Ah! Too long I have waited
And yet I have not found
at our favorite place my dear Carlo;
And who can tell
What he has suffered!
But not as much as I have!
As a symbol of his love
He left me these posies!
What a tender heart!
And for that heart, I do adore him
It is the greatest treasure he has!
We are both but poor,
Living only on thoughts of love
If he be an unknown painter,

Gaetano Donizetti

He will shine with his genius!
And I will be his wife.
Oh, what contentment!

Oh, you are the radiance of my soul,
Delightful life and love;
On earth and in heaven,
We will be united.
Come, my dear
And find calm in my yearning heart
That sighs for your love,
Of which mine is for you alone.

“Quando me’n vo’ ” from *La Bohème*

When I walk
When I walk all alone in the street,
people stop and stare at me
and look for my whole beauty
from head to feet ...

And then I taste the slight yearning
which transpires from their eyes
and which is able to perceive from manifest charms
to most hidden beauties.

Giaocomo Puccini

So the scent of desire is all around me,
it makes me happy!

And you, while knowing, reminding and longing,
you shrink from me?
I know it very well:
you don't want to express your anguish,
but you feel as if you're dying!

“Me llaman la primorosa” from *El Barbero de Sevilla*

Manuel Nieto/Gerónimo Giménez

They call me exquisite,
the child of love,
because of my seductive eyes
and this charming face,
because of my lips,
afame like red carnations.
All men seek honey,
seeking honey men
are changed into bees.

Because I have a dark skin
that is beauty's shade,
and for my slender figure
like a stem of white lily, jah!
Because in my soul I have a treasury
of laughter and of tears,
because I enchant them when I sing
and make them love me when I cry,
and they call me, for my beauty,
those teasing men,
'the child of love.

“O mio babbino caro” from *Gianni Schicchi*

Giaocomo Puccini

Oh my dear papa,
I love him, he is handsome, handsome,
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!

I am anguished and tormented!
Oh God, I'd want to die!
Papa, have pity, have pity!
Papa, have pity, have pity!

Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if I loved him in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio,
But to throw myself in the Arno!

“La petenera” from *La Marchenera*

Federico Moreno Torroba

I saw my mother crying one day,
when she found out that I was in love,.

My soul is consumed the same way
for an ungrateful woman,

Who knows who would have told her,
that it was you who I adored,
after she knew everything,
I saw her cry with joy.

Petenera, Petenera,
Petenera, from childhood
why don't you come to see me
on this moonlit night?

Petenera, Petenera,
Petenera, from childhood
when it was just us, my mother told me:
that I should love only one woman.

Oh, loneliness, loneliness
what loneliness and sorrow:
I've finished singing here
the verses of the Petenera.